

Crazy Snake and Big Thunder.

IV.

A year had passed. How glorious the Northern woods in October! How sweet the odor of the pine, how bracing the balmy air of the forest primeval! During the twelve months that had gone, Big Pine resolutely stood outside at the door of the log-chapel every time there was service and did not enter; stood there silently and mournfully. This was the penance imposed on him by the Blackgown and he was not allowed to partake of the Sacrament of Love, which was instituted by one who died blessing His enemies on the cross. It was Rosary Sunday and the Blackgown had received him again into the communion of the faithful. Tears are considered cowardly by the Chipewas, but when Big Pine, before receiving Holy Communion, turned around and asked forgiveness of his people, many a swarthy figure bent low to conceal his emotion, and from the rows of squaws came a timid moaning.

That night the blackgown and Big Pine rowed out into the lake, after the village had gone asleep and General Grant's pistols were taken out of the richly decorated case—dark red spots defaced the barrels—and threw them into the softly murmuring waters. They sank to the bottom. They are there still.

The Threshold of Sleep.

Go spirit, on thy dreamland journey, go
To thy dim world ere dawn begins to glow;
Fret not in bondage all the weary night,
Straight through the darkness take thy wanton flight.

But when among the phantoms thou shalt seek
Two dear and steadfast eyes, two lips that speak
To bid the tarry, Ah! thou need'st must then
Hold fast the cord that leads to earth again.

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